PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

BY DAVIS & CREWS.

ABBEVILLE, S. C., THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 16, 1857.

From the Missouri Democrat.

A LAWYER'S ADVENTURES.

We presume our Illinois readers will readily expand the town C-, mention-

ed in the following sketch into Carlyle About three or four years ago, more or less, I was practicing law in Illinois in a pretty large circut. I was called on one day in my office, in the town of Cby a very pretty woman, who, not without tears, told me her husband had been arrested for horse-stealing. She wished to retain me on the defence. I asked her why she did not go to Judge B., an ex-Senator of the United States, whose office was in the same town. I told her that I was a young hand at the bar, &c. She mournfully said that he had asked a retaining fee above her means, and besides did not want to touch the case, for her husband was suspected of belonging to an extensive band of horse-thieves and counterfeiters, whose head-

quarters were on Moore's prairie. I asked her to tell me the whole truth of the matter, and if it was true that her husband did belong to such a gang?

"Ab, sir," said she "a better man a heart than my George never lived; but he liked cards and drink, and I am afraid they made him do what he never would have done if he had not drank. I fear that it can be proved that he had the horses; he didn't steal it; another did, and passed it to him."

I didn't like the case. I knew that there was a great dislike to the gang located where she named, and feared to risk the case before a jury. She seemed to observe my intention to refuse the case, and burst into tears.

I never could see a woman weep without feeling like a weak fool myself. If it hadn't been for eyes brighted by "pearly tears," (blast the poets that made them to come in fashion by praising 'em,) I'd never have been caught in the lasso of matrimony. And my would be client was pretty.

The bandkerchief that hid her streaming eyes, didn't hide her ripe lips, and her snowy bosom rose and fell like a white gull in a gale of wind at sea. I took the case and she gave me the particulars :

The gang, of which he was not a mem ber, had persuaded him to take the horse .-He new the horse was stolen, and like a fool acknowledged it when he was arrested .-Worse still-he had trimmed the horse's tail and mane to alter his appearance, and the opposition could prove it.

The trial came on. I worked hard to get a jury of ignorant men, who had more heart than brain; who, if they could not fathom the depths of argument, or follow the labyrinthine mazes of the law, could feel for a young fellow in a bad fix, a weeping pretty wife, nearly broken-hearted and quite distracted. Knowing the use of " effect," I told her to dress in deep mourning three years old, into court, and to sit as near her husband as the officer would let her. I tried that game once in a murder case, and a weeping wife and sister made a jury render a verdict against law, evidence and the judge's charge, and saved a fellow that ought to have been hung as high as

The prosecution opened very bitterly inveighed against thieves and counterfeilers. who had made the land a terror to strangers and travelers; and who had robbed every farmer in the region of their finest horses, It introduced witnesses, and proved all and more than I feared it would.

to make an effort, only hoping so to interest the judge and jury as to seems a recommendation to gubernatorial clemency and a light sentence. So I painted this picture ... A young man entered into life wed del to an angel; beautifut in person, pos-caseing civity gentle and noble attribute.— Comptation was before and all around him. He kept wavern. Guests there were many it was not for him to inquire into their busithey urged upon him, he had deviated from the path of rectitude. The demon of scoliol had reigned in his brain; and it was his first offence. Mercy pleaded for another chance to save him from ruin. Justice did not require that his young wife should to down sorrowing to the grave, and that the shadow of disgrace and the taunt of a felon father should cross the path of that sweet child. O, how earnestly did I plead for them. The woman wept; the husband did the same; the judge fidgeted and rub bed his eyes the jury looked melting. I I could have had the closing speech he would have been cleared; but the prosecutor had the close, and threw ice on the fire

The Judge charged according to law and evidence, but evidently leaned on the side of mercy. The jury found a verdict of guilty. but unanimously recommended the prisoner to the mercy of the court. My client was sentenged to the shortest imprisonment the court was asspowered to give, and both just by and the court signed a petition to the must be the impartial judges, the gentle Governor for an unconditional parden,

fore the following incident occurred :-Some three months after this, I received ford,

an account for collection from a wholesale house in New York. The parties to collect from were hard ones, but they had property, and before they had an idea of the trap laid, I had the property, which they were about to assign before they broke under attachment. Fliding I was neck ahead and bound to win, they "caved in" and "forked over" three thousand seven hundred and ninety-four dollars and eighteen cents (per memorandum-book) in good money. They lived in Shawneetown, about 35 or 40 miles southeast of Moore's prairie. I received the funds just after bank opening, but other business detained me till after dinner. I then started for C-, intending to go as far as the village of Mount

I had gone along ten or twelve miles. when I noticed a splendid team of double horses attached to a light wagon, in which were seated four men, evidently of the highstrung order. They swept past as if to show how easily they could do it. They shortened in, and allowed me to come up. with them, and hailing me, asked me to "wet," or in other words, diminish the contents of a jug of old rye they had aboard; but I excused myself with the plea that I had plenty on board. They asked me how far I was going. I told them as far as Mount Veruon, if my horse didn't tire out. They mentioned a pleasant tavern ten or twelve miles ahead as a nice stopping place. and then drove on.

Vernon that night.

I did not like the looks of those fellows, nor their actions. But I was bound to go ahead. I had a brace of revolvers and a nice knife; my money was not in my valise or my sulky, but in a belt round my body. I drove slow, in hopes that they would go on, and I should see hem no more. It was nearly dark when I saw a tavern sign ahead. At the same time I saw their wagon stood before the loor. I would have pressed on, but my horse needed rest. I hauled up and a woman came to the door. She turned as pale as a slicet when she saw me-she did not speak, but with a meaning look she put her finger on her lips and beckoned me in : she was the wife of my late client.

When I entered, the party recognised me. and hailed me as an old traveling friend and asked me to drink. I respectfully, but firmly declined to do so.

"By G-d, you shall drink or fight !" said the noisiest of the party.

"Just as you please; drink I shall not!" said I, purposely showing the butt of a Colt which kicks six times is rapid succession.

The party interposed, and very easily quelled the assailant. One offered me a segar, which I reluctantly refused, but a glance from the woman induced me to accept. She advanced and proffered me a light, and in doing so slipped a note into my hand, which she must have written moment before. Never shall I forget the words. They were:

" Beware, they are members of the gang. They mean to rob and murder you!" Leave soon : I will detain them !"

I did not feel comfortable just then, but tried to do so.

"Have you any room to put up my horse?" I asked, turning to the woman, "What-are you not going on to-night?" sked one of the men; we are."

"No," said I, "I shall stay here to-night." "We'll all stay then, I guess, and make night of it!" said another of the cut

throats. "You'll have to put up your own horse The time came for me to rise for defence.
Witnesses I liad none. But I determined here's a fantern " said the woman.

"I am used to that," I said. "Gentlemen, excuse me a minute; I'll jeur you in drink when I come in."

"Good on your head! More whiskey, old gal," shouted they.

I went out, glanced at their wagon : was oldfashioned, and "linch pins" secured the wheels. To take out my kife and pry one from the fore and hind wheels was but the work of an instant, and I threw them as far off in the darkness as I could. To untie my horse and dash off was the work of a moment. The road lay down a steep

hill, but my lantern lighted me somewhat. I had hardly got under full headway. when I heard a yell from the party I had so unceremoniously left. I put whip to my horse. The next moment with a shout they started. I threw my light away, and I left my borse to pick his way. A mo-ment later I heard a crash—a horrible shriek. The wheels were off. Then came the rush of the horses tearing with the wreck of the wagon. Finally they seemed to fetch up in the wood. One or two shricks I heard as I swept on, leaving them far behind. For some time I hurried my horse-you'd better believe I "rid!" It was a little after midnight when I got to

Mount Vernon. I had kindled. But they did not quite put The next day I heard that a Moore' Prairie team had run away, and that two men out of four had been so badly hurt that their lives were despaired of: but ? didn't cry. My clients got their money : and I didn't travel that road any more.

To produce amiability and happiness, the mind ... id heart must act together; they monitors, and the kind encouragers of each the since been granted, but not be other; they are dependent upon each other; and we on them .- Jane Kindrey Stan-

THE BACHELOR AND THE BABY. BY OSCAR DUMAS.

Edward Thornton was one of that small class of bachelors, who are so, not from necessity, but from inclination. He would as soon have been suspected of highway robbery as of any intention of committing matrimony.

Still, he was very polite and gallant to the ladies. I have observed that such is more likely to be the case with your thorough-going bachelors, than with married men. I will leave the philosophical reader to speculate on the cause of this singularity, if such it may be called, while I proceed with my story.

Business had called Mr. Thornton to a city some fifty miles distant from the place of his residence. His business arrangements satisfactorily concluded, he had, at the opening of this veracious parrative. seated himself in the cars which were to bear him back.

Opposite him in the cars sat a young voman, respectably attired, with a babe, perhaps three months old, in her lap. The baby was not remarkably pretty-no babies are at that age-and the expression of its countenance indicated about the same degree of intelligence as you would expect to find in a week old kitten. The mother, for such she evidently was, was encumbered with nothing else but a small carpet bag, which doubtless contained a supply of clothing for the journey. At the first way station, the woman rose harriedly, and said to

"Will you have the kindness, sir, to take charge of my baby and carpet bag for a moment? I have just caught a glimpse of a friend, through the window, with whom wish to speak for a moment."

"Certainly, ma'am," said our bachelo friend : and he took the baby, awkwardly enough, and placed the carpet bag at his

The female, thus disencumbered, left the cars. Our friend, not being used to such charge as he had undertaken, felt a little embarrassed, but consoled himself by the reflection that it would be but for a mo-

But, to his consternation, the cars started, without bringing back the owner of the baby.

Good heavens!" thought he, "she has peen left. How distressed she will be about her child. "Here," he said to the conductor, who was just passing through the car, vou have left one of your passengers behind you-a woman who occupied the opposite seat."

"Oh," said the conductor, "she didn't in end to get in again. She walked away quite in an opposite direction. But here is a letter she told me to give to a gentleman with a baby."

Thornton tore it open with trembling nands, and read the following:

"Dear Sir: Finding it no longer conven ent to retain the charge of my baby, I have confided it to your charge, feeling confident, from the benevolent expression of your countenance, that you will take good care of it. As it has no name, you might give it your own, if you please"

"P. S. The valise contains the child's clothing. It is sufficiently supplied for the present.

"Good heavens!" thought our now ur happy bachelor. "That's cool, and no mistake. With what face shall I meet my

friends, with such an encumbrance?" Just then the child began to cry. Here was a new perplexity.

"What shall I do?" thought Edward Thornton. "Let me see. I'll trot it." And forthwith he began to trot the child n the most violent manner. To his great astonishment, this only made it cry the

"Your child seems troublesome," said lady, who had entered the cars at the same thace where the child's mother got

"Mine, ma'am ! it isn't mine!" "Excuse me," said the lady, "possibly it a friend's."

"No, ma'am, it is-well, I don't know whose it is. I never saw it before, in my

After a glance of surprise, she said, " presume it is hungry. Poor child I' The child continued to cry.

"Perhaps, ma'am, you could satisfy his "Sir ?" said the lady, drawing herself

"Oh, I didn't mean anything, ma'am, ssure you," said Edward Thornton, realizing the interpretation which might be put upon his words.

The lady looked as if she didn't believe it, and said no more. At length, after two hours of the slowest

traveling, as it seemed to Edward, that he had ever experienced, he arrived at the termination of his jonney.

It was with a ludiorous air of embarrass-

ment that Edward issued from the care with the baby in his arms, and the cerpet bag in this hand. He had thought of leaving the child on one of the seats, but the conductions of the seats, but the conductions of th child on one of the seats, but the conduc-tor's eye was upon him, and he could not

most intimate bachelor friends specially the tall, station house, as the tailed from the case, per

"Good heavens!" ejaculated one .-Thornton, where did you get that baby? You sin't married, are you?" "Married? No"

"O, it's a friend's."

"No!"
"Ah! I understand!" and the friend ooked particularly knowing.

Edward grew desperate, "No!" said he hurriedly. "You are wrong. It isn't so, you may be sure." "Isn't how ?"

"Why, as you understand," stammered Thronton.

His friends looked politely incredulous. and left Edward Thornton more wretched than ever.

What was to be done?

The reader must be informed that our oachelor kept house, and employed a housekeeper, a staid maiden of forty, who, for a consideration, sewed the buttons on his shirts, darned his stockings, and kept the house in order

With a nervous hand, Edward pulled the bell. Martha opened it.

"Goodness, gracious me !" shrieked the stonished handmaiden; "a boy! What is the world coming to?"

"It isn't mine Martha; it aint mine." "You may be sure it isn't mine; I don't know whose it is, but here's the carpet bag that it belongs to-I mean, that came with it. You can open it, and see what's in it: I believe its clothes."

The housekeeper wasn't generally troubled with a cough, but she coughed here, very significantly.

"And just get dinner ready as quick as you can. The child is hungry, and so am

"What shall I get?" "Well, you might cook me some beefsteak. Let me see—I suppose the baby can't go beefsteak, yet; you may bring it ome bread and butter, and cakes, or pies,

f you have any." "What does the man mean !" ejaculated Martha, in astonishment; "a baby like that eat bread and butter and pies!" "Well, get what you like! I don't

know any thing about such matters." Luckily, it was found that the child would drink milk. "Well," said the housekeeper, after a sause, "what do you intend to do with

your child-I beg pardon, the child ?" "Why," said Edward, "I've been think ng perhaps you had better adopt it."

"I adopt it !" ejaculated Martha; "I would not do it for the world!" "But something must be done with it."

"You ought to have thought of that beorehand."

"Well, how could I tell that the woman ras going to put it into my hands, and

It was a small word, but there was entence full of meaning in it.

Without stopping to detail the confusion, inconvenience and embarrassments. which this new comer introduced into the bachelor's household, it will be sufficient to state that a family was found who were willing to adopt it. It was joyfully resigned by its transient proprietor, who is nore confirmed in his bachelor habits than

Rising in the World .- You should bear constantly in mind that nine-tenths of us are, from the very nature and necessities of the world, born to gain a livelihood by the sweat of the brow. What reason have we, then, to presume that our children are not to do the same? If they be, as now and then one will be, endowed with extraordinary powers of mind, those powers may have an opportunity of developing themselves; and if they never have that opportunity, the harm is not very great to s or to them. Nor does it hence follow that the descendants of laborers are always o be laborers.

The path upwards is steep and long, to be sure. Industry, care, skill, excellence. in the present parent, lay the foundation of a rise, under more favorable circumstances, for the children. The children of the these take another rise and by and by the descendants of the present laborer become gentlemen. This is the natural progress It is by attempting to reach the top at a single leap that so much misery is produced in the world; and the propensity to make such an attempt has been cherished and encouraged by the strange projects that we that there was a letter in the post-office have witnessed of late years for making that he couldn't get. the laborers virtuous and happy by giving them what is called education. The education which I speak of, consists in bringing children up to labor with steadiness, with care. and with skill; to show them how to do as many usefull things as possible; to teach them to do all in the best manner; to set them an example in industry, sobriety, cleanliness and neatness; to make all thes habitual to them, so that they never shall be liable to fall into the contrary; to let them always see a good living proceeding they won't let me have it."
from labor, and that to remove from them the temptations to gill at the goods of othfant or fraudulent means .- Wil-

From Rusull's Magazine. DEPARTURE OF YOUTH.

At what time of life does youth end? We lately heard this question discussed by parties of various ages and experience.-One assigned one period-another, another -twenty, twenty-five, thirty. All differed. and we think all were wrong. The truth, of course, is, that it is impossible to fix any precise limits to the period of youth; that it varies with character and circumstance: and that in many cases it melts so imperceptibly into manhood, that no survey, however thoughtful or minute, can trace the dividing line. As boyhood ends with the first blush of love, so at any age, grief, misfortune, may close the gates of youth upon us forever. In such instances the transition is marked and sudden, like the fall of trophic night. But amid quiet scenes and happy fortunes, the mind matures with the slow process of a vegetable. Unreflecting persons let the years go by like mile stones which they are too indolent to reckon. As a ship, under the influence of a gentle breeze, is lifted along the sloping current of a river to the height of a thousand feet above the sea. so, unconscious and observant, these people glide softly from youth to manhood, from manhood to old age! Some startling change in themselves-perhaps the growth of more than one lustrum, yet unnoted till its completion-awakes them, like a blow, to the consciousness of approaching grey

The life of boyhood is not less busy and stirring than that of manhood. The rivalries in school and out of it-the ambition and the struggle-the success and the disappointments-the friendships, heart-burnngs, and enmities-the boisterous sport, and the bitter ridicule-call forth, in a smaller degree only, the same passions which tear the heart and stir the spirit on the larger theatre of the world. And between these two states-like an Indian summer with its atmosphere of dreamscomes the most delicious period of all .-The fever of boyhood is over, the ripe purposes of the man yet undereloped. It is a ime of vague longings, indefinite wishes. visions of poetry and love!

When these vague longings begin to concentrate into a sigle passion, we are approaching manhood. As often, youth ends buke. with a disappointment which, like the shock of cold water in the morning, startles us from our dreams, and compels us to think

contrive in America to get over the golden period of youth. In the life of not a few ndividuals, we believe there is actually no youth at all! What a loss! Whenever we look upon a man of twenty, (he is known at a glance,) we are reminded of a story which we have read somewhere, in which, to punish some cold hearted and practical plodder, a good spirit deprives him of the

beautiful faculty of dreaming.
It is impossible to be youthful always, it is not impossible to carry many of our vouthful feelings into manhood, and even into age. We ourselves have just stopped into the responsibilities of maturity, but we hope to see for a long time vet.

A glory in the grass, a splendor in the flower.' Life is worth something even when youth is past; and none but persons of unimaginative temperaments will find it altogether insipid. Though it be a desert, overhead are a sky and stars!

In a vague recollection of the emotions of childhood and youth, (and undoubtedly of dreams also.) we find an explanation of the feeling of preexistence. A morning or a sun-set sky, a leaf, a flower, a soft touch of the breeze, wake some old but long sient chord in our bosoms; and alas! years of business or sorrow have put, in effect at east, so many centuries between ourselves and childhood, we stand

"At such a distance from our youth in sin," that we refer their dimly remembered emotions to another and impossible life!

Muggins has a sharp porter. This chap sturned from the past office the other day with Muggin's papers, and informed him "Couldn't get it! why couldn't you get

it, you stupid ?" There's five cents to pay on it." "Why didn't you pay for it?" asked Muggins, with indignation

"I hadn't cents enough!" replied the orchin grinning archly. "You fool " said Muggins storming,

here take this five cents and get that letter in little less than no time!" "No use, I tall you," replied the fellow The dickers they won't-I'd like

HINT TO FEMALES WHO RIDE IN RAILROAD

A correspondent of the Cincinnati com mercial is to be credited with the following easonable anecdote:

A gentleman entered the "ladies' car' ipon one of the eastern roads, and as the day was chilly appropriated an entire seat in the vicinity of the stove. Passengers crowded in at every station, and soon every seat was taken except the one occupied by himself. Presently two ladies (so they appeared) entered the car, and as no one seemed inclined to offer a vacancy at his own discomfort, our friend, whose gallantry s proverbial, gathered up his shawl, ortmanteau and himself, arose, motioned the ladies forward, assisted them into the seat, and took a standing position not far distant. Not so much as a smile or bow recognized the kindness—it was evidently considered a mark of respect due to female dignity—a privilege which any getleman might be proud to acknowledge.

"Coolly done," remarked an individual n juxtaposition to our friend.

Decidedly," was the laughing reply, but I'll give them a lesson by-and-bye. and one they'll be likely to remember."

"Why, thee won't say anything, surely ?" "Indeed I will-the opportunity is too good to be lost; and somewhat annoved, it must be confessed, though less the loss of his seat than by the rudeness of its ungracious occupants; he walked away to the window and occupied his vision with the things without. Another stationanother stop-the ladies rose to depart. They had nearly reached the door, when a clear, manly voice called out "Ladies." There was a general hush, while every eve was turned upon the serene countenance of our traveller. "Ladies, you have occupied my seat during the ride from -, and I cannot allow you to leave without expressing my sense of the obligation, also the hope that when next you enter a crowded car and a gentleman vacates his seat for your accommodation. you will at least have the politeness to thank him."

A shout of applause rewarded the speaker and the ladies (?) lowering their confused faces, retreated hastily to digest as best they might this sudden but merited re-

Did every lady especially every young lady-know there is always in every car, omnibus, steamboat or other public conof action. veyance, notwithstanding the ordinary ex-The Romans continued to call a man ternal aspect of its occupants, a self-apveyance, notwithstanding the ordinary exadolescens" at forty. Such an epithet pointed jury watching her actions, and reaapplied at this day to one of thirty, would dy to pass sentence thereon, she would look auggest to us the garland on the ears of well to her "manners," and, in cultivating Bottom. However, the custom speaks vol- those indispensable outward semblances of umes in favor of the early Romans. In good will, she would unconsciously foster of approach, and suavity of disposition; the nineteenth century one might die an the germs of an active and wide spreading like that which every man perceives in old man at thirty-five.

It is melancholy to see how rapidly we less cost nothing beyond the effort of felicity have subsided, and his thought benevolence. Unobtrusive words of kind- himself, when the first transports of new has been brightened thereby. A simple "thank you," coined in the heart and rung apon the lips with the genuine sound of true metal," is a more efficient weapon han the sword of the conqueror.

> Misfortune.—To escape misfortune to want instruction, and to live at ease i to live in ignorance. As no man can enjoy happiness without thinking that he enjoys it, the experience of calamity is necessary to a just sense of better; for the good of our present state is merely comparative, and the evil which every man feels will be sufficient to disturb and harrass him, if he does not know how much he escanes. The lustre of diamonds is invigorated by the interposition of darker bodies: the lights of a picture are created by the shades. The highest pleasure which nature and revives them. Gaiety seldom fails to has indulged to sensitive perception, is that of rest after fatigue; yet that state which labor heightens into delight is of itself only ease, and is incabable of satisfying the mind without the superaddition of

diversified amusements. Prosperity, as is truly asserted by Sen eca. very much obstructs the knowledge of ourselves. No man can form a just estimate of his own powers by unactive speculation. That fortitude which has encoun tered no dangers, that prudence which has surmounted no difficulties, that integrity which has been attacked by no temptations, can at best be 'considered but as gold not yet brought to the test, of which therefore the true value cannot be assigned.

A lazy by boy makes a lazy man, as sure as a crooked twig makes a crooked tree.-Who ever saw a boy grow up in idleness that did not make a shiftless vagabond when he became a man, unless he had fortune left him to keep up appearances! The great mass of thieves, paupers and oriminals that fill our penitentiaries and almshouses, have come to what they are by being brought up in idleness. Those who constitute the business part of our community—those who make our great were trained in their ear-industrious.

A SNAKE TALE.

Says the lawyer: "Animals sometimes very nearly approach reason in their cuning. I got interested in the study of serpents down in Arkansas, where I spent the most of last year. I don't know why, but was constantly watching them and testing their sagacity, by placing them in new situations, and surrounding them with novel expedients. Of all kinds I experimented most with rattlesnakes and copper-heads. One afternoon I seated myself on a little knoll in the woods to smoke and read-for always had a book or newspaper with

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me-and had been enjoying myself for some time, when I espied a copperhead making for a hole within ten feet of where I sat. Of course I threw down my book and cigar, and proceeded to try a new experiment. As soon as I stirred, the rascal made a rush for the liole; but I caught his tail as he got nearly in, and jerked him some twenty feet backward. He threw himself into a coil in no time, and waited for me to pitch in. But I concluded to let him try his hole again. After a while he started for it, stopping when I stirred to coil himself up; but I kept pretty quiet, ne recovered confidence and went in .-Again I jerked him out. No sooner did he hit the ground than he made a grand rush for the hole in a straight line for my. legs! But that didn't work, I got out the way and gave him another flirt; This time he lay still awhile, appearing to reflet on the course to be taken. After a time he tried it again, though rather slowly. After getting his head a little way in, he stopped and wiggled his tail, as if on purpose for me to grab it. I did so; and quicker than a flash he drew his head out, and came within a quarter of an inch of striking me n the face. However, I jerked him quite a distance, and resolved to look out for him the next time. Well, he tried the same game again, byt it wouldn't work-I was too quick for him. This time he lay in a coil half an hour without moving. At last. he tried it once more. He advanced to within five feet of the hole very slowly. coiled again, and then, by the heavens! got the start of me by one of the cutest tricks vou ever heard of."

"How was that?" we all exclaimed in one breath.

"Why," said the narrator, sinking his oice to the acme of solemnity, and looking as honest and sober as a man could look, "why he just turned his head toward my hand, and went down that hole tail

Good Humor .- Good humor may be defined a habit of being pleased; a constant and perennial softness of manner, easiness. only kept in motion by a slow succession of soft impulses. Good humor is a state between gaiety and unconcern; the act or emanation of a mind at leisure to regard

the gratification of another. It is imagined by many, that whenever they aspire to please, they are required to be merry, and to show the gladness of their souls by flights of pleasantry, and bursts of laughter. But though these men may be for a time heard with applause and admiration, they seldom delight us along.-We enjoy them a little, and then retire to easiness and good humor, as the eye gazes awhile on eminences glittering with the sun, but soon turns aching away to verdure

and to flowers. Gaiety is to good humor as animal perfumes to vegetable fragrance; the one overpowers weak spirits, and the other recreates give some pain; the hearers either strain faculties to accompany its towering, or are left behind in envy and despair. Good humor boasts no faculties which every one does not believe in his own power, and pleases principally by not offending.

Not long since, a youth, older in wit than in years, after being catechised concerning the power of Nature, replied: Ma, think there's one thing Nature can't do. What is it? eagerly inquired the mother— She can't make Bill Jones's mouth any big. ger without setting his ears back.

It should rather be our desire to use what we learn, than to remember it. If we desire to use it, we shall remember it, of course; if we wish merely to remember it it is possible we may never use it. - Samn-

It is with life as with coffee, he who ould drink it pure must not drain it to the

There is one satisfaction in owning a lose mouth—it retains all the foolish, as well as the wise words one's heart. Complaints of bad luck are often round.

about, shallow apologies for indolence or Harsh words are like bailstones, if melted, would terrilize the tender plants

are hollow-headed as well as hollow-hear It is easy to look down on others : to

gen on ourself the difficulty. but an arrest jade on a journey.